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Married For A "Day"

by [TheSoundOfThunderstorms](#)

Summary

Married for a day, the wedding experience without actually getting married. Except, maybe there's a few misunderstandings along the way.

Notes

So the whole idea is that there's this place where you can get married for a day. The whole wedding experience without it being legally binding. Except, the same place that does 'married for a day' also does 'married in a day' weddings. Whoops.

A direct quote from my tumblr: "It's sorta like one of those tried and true accidentally get married in Vegas things but like no one was drunk when it happened? I guess the idea is that there's like a group vacation in Vegas for some reason and Angela really wants to go to one of those 'married for a day' places. It's like a place where friends or lovers go to have the experience of getting married without actually getting married. So you know, dressing up, short ceremony, a kiss photo (doesn't matter what kind of kiss), dancing, cake, a photo with the cake, etc.

So she convinces Fareeha to go with her and whoops they accidentally go to one of those 'married in a day' places. Same setup, just law binding."

So that's pretty much what's going to be going on. Enjoy :)

The Question

Ana held her phone in one hand, the email she read catching all her attention. The top brass at the Gibraltar Headquarters of Overwatch, the multinational corporation that dealt in the manufacturing of shoes and athletic wear, had just issued her team a week's fully paid vacation to any location they chose for the *outstanding* job they just finished in China. She stood leaning against her desk in the small office they were renting in Shenzhen. Off in the corner sat Angela. Ana couldn't tell what she was doing. The smile on the blonde's face made the older woman think she might have been reading something funny.

"Hey Angela."

The Angela's head shot up from the monitor it was previously buried in. "Yes Ana?" Her eyes slowly made their way back to the screen, the picture of a married couple celebrating taking up most of her screen.

"Looks like the higher-ups thought we did a half-way decent job." Ana waved her phone in the air. "We just got a vacation." She slowly made her way to Angela's little cubicle.

Angela ripped her eyes away from the screen, seeming very interested in the details of their supposedly earned vacation. "Oh? We going anywhere nice?"

A tap to the phone screen. "Says here that we get a fully paid vacation anywhere we want for a whole week." She stopped by the empty cubicle next to Angela, leaning on the divider.

Angela felt her heart pounding. *Maybe we can go...*

"Got anywhere in mind Angela?"

"Oh um," a quick look back to the computer monitor, "I've always wanted to go to Vegas."

Ana immediately scrunched up her face. "Vegas?"

Angela swallowed her nerves down. "I've wanted to go for some time now."

Ana held her chin in thought. Her eyes landed on the back of Angela's computer monitor, seemingly deciding on something. She leaned forward to try and see what was on the screen. "Is that what you were looking at? Already planning your own trip?"

Angela nearly screeched, hastily clicking out of the twenty tabs she had up. Every single one of them showcasing different married couples. Before Ana could get a good look at her screen, she pulled up the decoy spreadsheet she always had handy.

"That's..." Ana squinted her eye. "Those are numbers from three years ago."

"That was a recorded breaking year." Angela cleared her throat. "I find it inspiring."

Ana wasn't buying it. She crossed her arms, a pointed look directed at the blonde.

It didn't even take a minute for Angela to break. "Okay, okay. Yes, that's what I was looking at. I've always wanted to go. Check out the sights, the attractions." She sighed. Deliberately choosing her words was taking a strain. "I just want to have fun."

Ana still had that questioning look. She went to speak again, getting sidetracked when Fareeha

came walking into the office, a variety of drinks held in a cardboard cup holder. Her eyes immediately zoomed in on the tea she ordered. “Ah, Fareeha I have good news.” Ana crossed the distance to her daughter and plucked her tea from the cup holder.

From where she sat, Angela could see the beautiful smile on Fareeha’s face. Her heart fluttered at the genuine display. Her fingers started moving on their own, clicking out of the decoy spreadsheet back to her web browser filled to the brim with wedding pictures. She couldn’t help but to look back at the screen.

Ana slowly tip-toed backwards towards Angela again. She put an unassuming arm on top of the divider and took a sip of her tea, craning her neck back to look at Angela’s computer monitor. She smiled at the pictures.

“What’s the good news?” Fareeha followed her mother, stopping beside a flustered looking Angela who was hurriedly clicking through a sea of tabs. She pulled out Angela’s coffee and extended it to the woman. “Here’s your coffee Angela.”

“T-thank you.” Angela could feel her cheeks burning with embarrassment. *Did Fareeha see? Oh god. Maybe she’s being nice and not saying anything about it.* She hid the urge to cover her face with the cup of coffee. *But Fareeha’s always nice.* She took a contemplative sip of coffee. *She wouldn’t make fun of me for looking at pictures.* Angela was startled out of her thoughts when Ana suddenly wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

“We’re going to Vegas.” A slight nudge to Angela’s shoulders. “Isn’t that right Angela?”

“Y-yeah.”

Ana took the remaining drink orders from Fareeha’s hands. “I’ll go tell the others about it.” She made the quick walk to the big office across the room, disappearing behind the wooden door.

“So Vegas?” Fareeha leaned against the divider, the tea she managed to take out of the cup holder before her mother took off was held in both hands.

“Mmhm.” Angela could barely hold in her excitement. *This actually might happen.* She eyed Fareeha through sips of her coffee. *She might actually say yes.* The thought made her squeal internally. “It’s a vacation from the higher-ups.”

“Well that makes more sense.” Fareeha shifted so she was leaning over the divider. “I thought we we’re going to have to sell more shoes.” She smiled down at Angela. “It’d be nice to take a vacation with you.”

And there’s that smile again. “I’m looking forward to it.”

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It was eight in the morning when everyone was boarded on the plane for the non-stop 18 hour trip from Shenzhen to Las Vegas.

Sitting on the row that overlooked the right wing was Reinhardt, Jesse, and Ana. The old man had brought a neck pillow, already fast asleep and snoring loudly before the plane even took off. Jesse sat between Ana and Reinhardt, his arms crossed and a pair of ear plugs shoved into his ears. His head was tilted forward, chin resting on his chest. A sleep mask covered Jesse’s eyes, following Reinhardt’s example. Closest to the aisle was Ana. The older woman had a pair of noise cancelling headphones on, a new book opened on her lap.

Gabriel Reyes, sat in the row opposite the trio. He was always in a bad mood. It might have

something to do with the fact that he got demoted so far down, he ended up as Reinhardt's assistant. He never talked about what he did, just did his job with a permanent scowl on his face and a menacing aura that kept people a good distance away. Gabriel sat slumped in his aisle seat, narrowed eyes flicking over to Reinhardt every now and then.

A couple of rows behind Gabriel sat Fareeha, Angela, and the young intern Hana. Hana had a pair of earphones connected to the handheld in her hands. She popped a piece of gum every now and then, muttering indiscernible words under her breath.

Fareeha had connected her earbuds to the audio jack, settling in her chair to watch the movie on the screen in front of her.

Angela hurriedly tried to open the headphones she bought from the flight attendant. Plugging them into the audio jack, she was met with mostly static, little audio blips coming in and out every now and then. *Cheap airline headphones*. She reached out a hand, gently shaking Fareeha's shoulder to get her attention.

"Hmm?" Fareeha popped out an earbud to listen to Angela.

"I want to watch the movie." Angela held up the broken headphones. "Mine aren't working."

"Oh um..." Fareeha reached into her backpack that sat underneath the chair in front of her. She pulled out a first aid kit, taking one of the alcohol swabs from the little kit. After wiping down the earbud, she offered it to Angela. "We can share."

Angela giggled at the amount of effort that Fareeha went through just to let her use the earbuds. "Thank you."

Throughout the movie, Angela noticed Fareeha nodding off. It was about fifty minutes in when she felt a weight on her shoulder. Fareeha had slumped over onto her shoulder, passed out cold. Her heart warmed at the feeling, picking up in pace when the sleeping woman cuddled up to her side.

Carefully, Angela stole the other earbud that Fareeha was obviously not using. Wedging her arm out from between them, Angela draped it around Fareeha's shoulders, making it more comfortable for the both.

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Angela woke up with a start. She felt herself being shaken awake from her warm and cozy slumber, lifting her head in response to the foreign feeling. Sleepy eyes blinked a few times, taking in the sight of other planes outside the window, signaling that they already landed. *Just a few more minutes*. Angela snuggled back into the warmth and comfort of Fareeha's chest, closing her eyes to try and relax a bit more.

Blue eyes snapped open, Angela darting up in her seat when she realized that was in fact intensely cuddling Fareeha. She wiped at the wetness that had gathered on her cheek, staring on in horror at the wet spot on Fareeha's shirt collar.

"We uh," Fareeha cleared her throat, "we just landed." A small smile tugged on her lips at Angela's embarrassed expression.

Angela just continued to stare at the spot of drool, wishing that the earth would hurry up and swallow her whole.

Fareeha reached up to touch the collar of her shirt, feeling the wetness that accrued there. "Don't

worry about it.” A reassuring smile. She brought her hand back down, wiping the drool off onto her pants. “It happens.”

How is she so nice? Angela could only nod, sitting back into her chair and waiting patiently for them to announce that they could exit the plane.

It was noon when everyone had their bags in hand, walking out of the airport. Angela couldn't help but look over to Fareeha every now and again and peek at the still noticeable spot of drool displayed on her shirt for everyone to see. Ana had noticed the spot immediately, commenting on how she could have sworn her daughter stopped drooling on herself when she turned seven.

“It happens,” said Fareeha. She shrugged, all the while giving Angela a small smile at the sight of her red face and ears. “I'll just change when I get to the hotel.”

Outside, there was a large van waiting for them. The driver helped load their suitcases into the back, taking them to the hotel when everyone was situated.

“Woah, this is pretty nice.” Hana, stared with disbelief at the hotel they were going to be spending the next week at.

The van had dropped them off at The Vishkar, the young intern immediately impressed with their accommodations as soon as she stepped into her hotel room. The room had two full size beds with fancy looking bedspreads, two sets of couches, and a giant flat screen embedded into the wall. The view from the window overlooked the gigantic infinity pool.

Fareeha stepped into their shared room equally as impressed. “Really nice.” She ran her hand over the soft comforter, putting her bags down on the bed nearest the window. Reaching into her bag, she pulled out a shirt. Fareeha stopped in her tracks when she walked into the bathroom. There was a shelf as tall herself filled to the brim with the fluffiest towels she has ever come across. A double sink with a variety of hand soaps and lotions. But what really caught her attention was the shower.

It took up a third of the room, its ceiling filled with water jets stretching from wall to wall. There was a touchscreen panel that could adjusted the jets from water pressure to how many were turned on. Fareeha ran back into the room and pulled out more clothes from her suitcase, saying something about suddenly having to take a shower.

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Ana had finished unpacking her clothes into her dresser. She was lounging on her bed, reading a book on her tablet. From the corner of her eye she could see Angela sitting on the edge of her bed, staring intensely at her feet. “Something wrong Angela?” A smirk when the blonde squeaked at the sudden break in silence.

“Just thinking.” Angela shifted her gaze over to her mess of a suitcase. Once she got to the room, she immediately went to take a shower, dumping out half her suitcase to get at the clothes she wanted to wear. She really should fix her mess. But she also wanted to see if Fareeha would agree to her request.

It was like Ana could read part of her mind. “You could always fix that later. If you want to go out, then by all means...” She gestured towards the door. “You have time to get your things unpacked.”

It was still mid-afternoon. If Fareeha said no, she couldn't just go back to her room and sleep away the disappointment. But... *I don't have to ask her right now. I can just ask her later tonight.*

Finding her resolve, Angela stood up from where she sat, walking to the edge of the bed to put on her shoes. "I'll be back tonight." She grabbed her room key from the side table and headed out.

On her way to Fareeha's room, she passed by Gabriel opening the door to his shared room with Jesse. He had a bucket of ice in hand, his usual scowl gone from his face. Feeling less intimidated, Angela gave the man a hello, surprised when he nodded back. At the sight of Reinhardt leaving his room, Grabriel quickly shoved the door open, closing it behind him in a hurry.

Angela blinked at the closed door. *Nice talking to you too.* As she went to continue to Fareeha's room, Reinhardt had caught up to her.

"Good afternoon Angela."

"Good afternoon Reinhardt. How are you liking the single room?"

A laugh reverberated throughout the hallway. "It's great! You know, that room was meant for Ana but she gave it to me since I snore so loud."

Angela blanched at the thought of maybe ending up in the same room as Reinhardt. How his snoring would bounce off the wall creating a never-ending nightmare of echoed torture. *She saved us all.* "That is so thoughtful of her." She stopped once they got to Fareeha's room. "I need to speak to Fareeha about something, I'll see you later Reinhardt."

A nod. "Have a good day Angela." Reinhardt kept walking, leaving Angela in front of the door.

A knock. Nothing. *Did they go somewhere?* Another knock. This time Angela could hear some scrambling behind the door.

Hana opened the door, controller in hand and her attention focused on the TV. She muttered a quick 'come in' before hurrying back to one of the couches.

From where she stood in the doorway, Angela could see Fareeha sitting on the other couch, her eyes focused on the screen in front of her, fingers tapping the buttons of the controller in her hand. Relief flooded her eyes when she saw that Fareeha wasn't still wearing the drool covered shirt anymore. *Maybe I should come back later?*

The next moment, Fareeha slumped her shoulders, a look of disappointment on her face. "I'm just not good at this game Hana."

Hana leaned back into the sofa, a smug smile on her face. "Oh come on, that was just the seventh time you lost to me." She placed the controller on the cushion next to her. A nod in Angela's direction. "Oh, Angela's here."

"Angela?" A quick look towards the door. Fareeha couldn't help but grin when she saw Angela standing by the door. "Hey. Come in, come in." She stood up, quickly making her way over to the blonde. "How is it rooming with my mother?" A sympathetic look. "I would have roomed with her if Hana wasn't so insistent on rooming with me."

Angela waved the concern away. "It's fine. She's got that 'Amari charm' she boasts so much about." She cleared her throat. "I wanted to ask if..." In the background, Hana could be heard shouting 'nerf this' at the screen. Fareeha crossed her arms, shaking her head and grinning at the intern's outburst. It was so hard to focus on her words when Angela had Fareeha Amari standing right in front of her showcasing that stellar smile. "If you..."

Fareeha couldn't help but laugh when she heard Hana's frustrated outbursts. She tried to compose herself, knowing that Angela was trying to ask her something. "I'm sorry, you were saying?"

“I just wanted to see if you’d like to go out with me today.”

“I’d be happy to. Just um,” Fareeha brought Angela’s attention to the clothes she was wearing, “give me a moment to change. I’m in my sleep clothes. Didn’t think I’d venture out today.”

Angela homed in on the bunny rabbit pajama pants Fareeha wore. Some of the rabbits had top hats, others nibbled on carrots. There were patches on the knees with bundled up bunnies snuggling. *So cute.* “No problem. I’ll be waiting on the couch.”

Angela watched Fareeha with an amused smile as she scrambled to her dresser and pulled something out, disappearing into the bathroom in record time. She walked over and took the seat Fareeha was previously sitting in. The blonde was surprised when Hana put down her controller, focusing all her attention on Angela.

“Going on a date?” A slight curve at the edge of her lips.

“A d-date?” Angela frantically looked over to the closed bathroom door. *Does Fareeha think it’s a date?* “Hana I don’t know wh-”

“Ah, ah,” interrupted Hana. She wagged a finger at Angela, a smug smirk plastered on her face. “We both know you want it to be a date.”

Angela visibly deflated. *No use in hiding it.* “How long have you known?”

Hana leaned back, casually crossing her arms. She shrugged. “Since my first day.”

Angela’s jaw dropped. “That was six months ago!” Her eyes grew even wider. “Do you think anyone else knows?”

“Well...” Hana took a moment to think. “I’m always paying attention so that’s how I know. I think the only other person with enough of an attention span to pick up on it would be Ana.” A small frown. “Ana always knows when I’m playing a game instead of working. She can be pretty spooky.”

Pale hands rose to cover Angela’s face. *Of course she would know. Ana always knows.* She just sat there, feeling the sudden rush of heat traveling up her neck, her ears burning from the sudden revelation. *And I’m sharing a room with her for a week.* Angela slightly lowered her hands when she felt an arm around a shoulder.

Hana gave Angela’s shoulder a reassuring pat. “Don’t worry about it Angela. I’m rooting for you. I’m sure Ana is too because I’m pretty sure she would have found a way to have you kicked off the team a long time ago if she didn’t like you.”

Somehow that was reassuring. Angela moved her hands down further, head turning to look at Hana. “Yeah?”

A nod. “Positive.”

Fareeha walked out the bathroom, sleep clothes folded in her arms. She spotted Angela and Hana sitting close to each other on one of the couches. Angela beamed a brilliant smile her way, Hana giving her a short wave.

“Lookin’ good for your date Fareeha.” Hana shook Angela’s shoulder. “Right Angela?”

Angela was stuck between feeling mortified at Hana’s comments and giddy at the sight of

Fareeha's blushing. She felt another shake of her shoulders, receiving a pointed look from Hana. Angela cleared her throat. "Yes, yes of course." She shook out of Hana's arm and stood up, taking a step closer to the taller woman. "You look beautiful." And Fareeha really did look beautiful. Blue dress that stopped at her just below her knees, wadjet necklace hanging off her neck, and golden beads weaved into her hair, Angela couldn't help the deep thumping of her heart.

Fareeha felt her blush darken at the compliment. "Thank you."

"Ready to go?" asked Angela.

Fareeha hurriedly dropped her folded clothes on her bed, reaching over and grabbing her room key. "Yeah, let's go."

The sounds of game music playing through the speakers filled the room. "Have fun guys." Hana was once again focused on the TV, smiling when she heard the door to her room close.

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"Did you have any place in mind?" Fareeha was handling one of the free maps from the hotel.

Yes. "Oh no, I just want to see what they have around the hotel."

"Okay." Fareeha pointed to a spot on the map. "If you don't mind, we could check out the botanical gardens. It's not far."

"That sounds perfect."

Twenty minutes of pleasant walking later, they were standing at the front entrance paying for their tickets. Fareeha pulled out the company credit card, sliding it over to the attendant in the window. They got their tickets and started the walk inside.

"I wasn't too sure what the 'all expense paid' part of our vacation meant but mother assured me that Overwatch would pay for everything. Well, as long as we didn't go out buying yachts or something."

"Oh? So, what if we wanted to go to the casinos?"

Fareeha suddenly remembered the other part of the conversation she had with her mother. "Oh that. We can go, but we each have a limit."

Angela widened her eyes at the information. "How much is the limit?" A little more thinking. "And what about Hana, she's just 19."

"Five-hundred, each." Fareeha suddenly looked sheepish. "Mother may or may not have the Hana problem under control."

"What'd she do?"

"She might have taken Hana out to get a fake ID made when we were still in Shenzhen."

Of course she would. "I should have seen that coming."

Fareeha shrugged her shoulders. "She wants to take everyone out for a night of gambling. It'd be no fun for Hana if she had to do something else."

A chuckle. "Well, the boss gets what the boss wants. Doesn't she?" Angela saw the first exhibit,

excitedly grabbing Fareeha's arm. "Look, it's the one with the birds." She picked up the pace, dragging Fareeha along with her.

The center piece of the exhibit was a gigantic blue jay with its wings outstretched. Angela immediately took them there, bringing her phone out in front of them to take a picture. While Angela was busy, admiring the, in her opinion, perfect photo, Fareeha suddenly stood stock still.

"Angela."

"Hmm?" Angela was still busy setting the photo as her new lock screen. She looked up, glee setting in her face at the sight. "You have a new friend!"

Atop Fareeha's head, coincidentally, was a blue jay. The little bird chirped and hopped along Fareeha's head, content to be where it stood. "Is it..." Fareeha watched as Angela took a picture.

This one was Fareeha's new contact picture. "Is it what?"

"It's not going to poop on me is it?"

Angela chuckled at the thought. "I can't be sure what it's going to do."

"Can you..." Fareeha closed her eyes when she felt the bird hop again. "Can you shoo it away?"

"And why don't you do it?"

"It might, you know..."

Angela relented at seeing Fareeha's desperate plea. A quick wave of her hand and the bird flapped away, leaving Fareeha's hair slightly mussed. "I thought you liked birds."

Fareeha had reached up to fix her hair. "I do. Just not on top of me where they can leave a present."

"I see your point." Angela held out her phone for Fareeha to see. "Cute though right?"

Fareeha couldn't help the grin at seeing the photo of her. She had both arms held up, trying to keep her body balanced with the bird perched on top of her head. Definitely a fun picture. She blinked when Angela put her phone away, pointing to the bushes shaped like flamingoes in a sea of blue flowers.

"They made flamingoes!"

And off they went, Fareeha once again being dragged to wherever Angela wanted.

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The walk back to the hotel was filled with detours and small adventures. At one point, they walked into a sidewalk performance of some new up and coming rap group, standing with the small crowd to watch the rest of the show. Angela had bought their cd afterwards, saying that those guys were going to be famous one day.

Near the hotel was an ice cream shop. The line wrapped around the building but they found a way to entertain each other while they waited. They mostly went over the pictures Angela took, Fareeha occasionally asking for the blonde to send a picture she really liked. When they could finally order their ridiculously expensive ice cream, Angela got a simple chocolate single scoop and Fareeha ordered a double scoop of some cookie dough cheesecake concoction. On the small

walk back to the hotel, Fareeha managed to get to the cone before Angela did, crunching through the sweet goodness with a huge grin on her face.

Even after having such a good time with Fareeha, Angela got more nervous with each step back to the hotel. It got to the point where she was practically shaking in the elevator. *Just ask her. That's all you have to do. If she says no, I can sulk in my room for the rest of the night.* "Fareeha?" The elevator stopped at their floor, the doors opening.

They stepped out into the hallway, the two of them staying near the elevator.

"Yeah?" Fareeha could see the nerves radiating off Angela.

Angela shifted her weight from one leg to the other, grabbing her elbow and keeping her gaze anywhere that wasn't Fareeha. She opened and closed her mouth again and again. Nothing.

"Do you need mo--"

"I want to get married," Angela blurted out. A second later she tacked on, "For a day." She lifted her head up, locking eyes with Fareeha. "With you."

"You want to marry me?" Fareeha's thoughts were racing. She could feel the blood pumping in her ears at Angela's sudden forwardness.

Wide eyed, Angela realized her big mistake. *She has no idea what I'm talking about.* Hurriedly, she reached for her phone, opening the web browser to show Fareeha what she meant. With shaky hands, Angela showed Fareeha the web page. "Here, look."

Fareeha took the offered phone, looking at the words on the screen.

"It's a place where people go for the wedding experience without actually getting married." Angela went back to looking at everything but Fareeha. "And I thought it would be perfect to do it with you." Her heart sped up at the last few words.

Fareeha continued to read the web page, quieter than usual.

No use in backing out now. "So, will you go with me?"

Fareeha slowly handed Angela back her phone.

Angela felt her heart sink at the blank expression. *I shouldn't have asked.* "It's okay. You don't have to say yes. It's stupid, I know."

"I'll go with you."

"So, I'll just see you tomorrow okay?" Angela blinked, her mind rewinding the last ten seconds. "What?"

A smile. "I'll go with you."

And now her heart was about to burst. Excited. Angela was suddenly so excited. *She said yes.* She closed the distance between them, bringing Fareeha in for a crushing hug. "Thank you, thank you." Putting a little distance between them, Angela looked up into smiling brown eyes. "Thank you so much." She leaned up and gave the taller woman a quick peck on the cheek, quickly detaching herself and starting down the hallway in a skip. "I'll text you the details tonight." She made it to her room, sliding the key card in.

A lingering pause at the door. “Just, thank you Fareeha. Have a good night.”

Fareeha was left standing at the end of the hallway, watching as an excited Angela waved at her and disappeared into her room. She reached up to touch her tingling cheek, heart still hammering away. “Good night.”

The "Wedding"

Chapter Summary

Oh boy, the wedding that's not really a wedding. Except, maybe they should have paid more attention.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next morning, Hana and Fareeha were standing outside the place Angela specified in her text. Fareeha looked up at the giant neon sign that read “Married for a Day/in a Day”.

“This is it yeah?” Hana was looking over her sunglasses, eyeing the place up and down.

“I think so.”

The bell on the door rang, Hana and Fareeha stepped inside. The lobby was small and empty, robot Elvis in the corner singing to a potted plant. After a couple more seconds, robot Elvis froze, little tendrils of smoke coming out of his mouth and the music slowly faded away. The old man at the front desk looked up at the sudden quiet, his face scrunching up at the sight.

A bang on the door behind him. “Someone get in here and fix Elvis. He’s broken again.”

A lanky teenager came barreling out of the door with a tool bag slung over his shoulder. He ran right passed Hana and Fareeha, kneeling down in front of the malfunctioning Elvis. “We’ll get you fixed up Mr. Elvis Sir.”

“You two here to get married or what? Just been standing there.” The old man was looking at his computer screen, casually reaching into the bowl of candy on the desk meant for the guests.

Fareeha quickly pulled out her phone, scrolling through the sea of text messages Angela sent her. She walked up to the counter, after re-reading the information from her phone. “Oh uh, not us.” Fareeha gestured between her and a smirking Hana to the man who was obviously not paying attention. She cleared her throat. “But I do want to set up an appointment for the ‘For a Day’ deluxe package.”

Tired fingers started typing away. “...day, deluxe...” Another stolen candy. “All right, I’m gonna need you to fill out these forms.”

Fareeha was handed a stack of papers, bulging her eyes out at the complexity of the information needed. *This is thorough for a fake wedding.* She grabbed the stack of papers, taking a seat off to the side to start filling them out.

Fareeha had to text Angela at her hair appointment to properly fill out her information, getting the go ahead from the blonde to sign for her. The entire time Fareeha was filling out the stack of forms, Hana was still at the counter, eating candy from the candy bowl.

Fifteen minutes later Fareeha was at the counter again, sliding the papers across to the old man. “Is that it?”

The old man went through the papers, squinting every now and then and muttering to himself. He typed something into the computer and shoved the papers in an envelope. “You bringing rings or getting rings?”

A quick scroll through the text messages. “Uh yes, we’d like rings.”

“...rings.” He looked up from the screen again. “She gonna be your witness?” He gestured his chin towards Hana.

“Sure.” Hana gave a shrug, popping a pink bubble in her mouth.

“...witness, yes.” The old man leaned back into his swivel chair. “Soonest I can fit you in is four this afternoon. That sound good?”

“Yes, that sounds perfect.”

A couple clicks on the cash register. “Alright, all that comes out to \$1,500.”

Fareeha blanched. “That much?”

“Yep.”

Fareeha hurriedly texted Angela again, her eyes threatening to pop out again when all Angela replied with was the ‘ok’ hand and a winky face. Taking out her wallet she pulled out Angela’s credit card, handing it over to the old man. Angela didn’t want Overwatch to pay for her fake wedding, thrusting her credit card in Fareeha’s hand before she left for her hair appointment.

The old man stared at the card for a bit, looking at the letters that spelled out ‘Angela Ziegler’ and Fareeha. It looked like he was going to say something but decided against it. He just shrugged, sliding the card through and handing it back to Fareeha. “Have a nice day.”

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The clock on the wall ticked by slowly. Fareeha sat in a room by herself, anxious watching as the clock got closer and closer to four. The wedding dress they provided her with brushed against her legs, painted toes peeking out from the bottom. Hana had done her hair when they got back from making the appointment, adding some light make-up last minute. She was hurriedly rushed out of the hotel before Angela could run into her on accident.

And there she sat alone, waiting until it was time for their appointment. *Maybe I should’ve invited mother?* The thought of marrying Angela made her feel restless, her leg bouncing up in down in anticipation. *We’re not actually getting married.* She took a deep breath. Her heart was still pounding. *But it feels like we are.* Fareeha closed her eyes trying to push away the anxiety. *That’s the whole point of this, to make it seem like a real wedding.*

The clock struck four. Fareeha felt her heart go into overdrive. A knock at the door signaled that she was supposed to go. *Okay, okay. I can do this.* A quick jump from foot to foot. *And it’s with Angela. She’s just so...* A warm smile covered her face. *I can do this.*

Two tuxedoed workers stood in front of the double doors that lead to where the ceremony was to take place. Fareeha gave them a small nod, watching as they opened the door for her.

The first step in and Fareeha was already amazed at the amount of effort that was put this. In the front of the rows of seats sat a little crowd of people. They were all dressed up, smiles on their faces. *They even have fake wedding guests.* Fareeha noticed Hana sitting near the back with her legs propped up. The intern gave Fareeha a casual wave, mouthing “You look nice” to her and

giving a thumbs up.

In the corner stood a professional looking photographer. She motioned for Fareeha to smile. Fareeha felt her lips quirk up, smiling at the little dance the photographer put on to get the results she wanted.

At the end of the aisle, the wedding clerk leaned over and whispered, "Congratulations."

Fareeha just smiled and nodded, impressed with how into their job the staff was.

The doors opened again and Fareeha felt her breath catch. In came walking Angela, her flowing wedding dress hanging perfectly, a bouquet of flowers in hand, and a blush running across her cheeks. She spotted Fareeha at the end of the aisle, giving her the most beautiful smile she'd ever seen. *Is this what heaven feels like?* Fareeha couldn't wipe away the adoring smile on her face. *She looks so happy.* Another thud to her heart. *She looks so beautiful.*

Angela stopped next to her at the end of the aisle, her smile never fading. She took one hand off her bouquet, sliding it through Fareeha's arm, teeth peeking through upturned lips when Fareeha got the hint and moved closer.

"Thank you all for joining us as we celebrate the union between..."

The words of the clerk faded away. Fareeha was too enamored with the sight of Angela to pay attention. The way the blush still stained her cheeks, how Angela would reach up to tuck a blonde strand behind her ear, and how whenever Angela would look up at her, her smile would only grow. *If this isn't heaven, this is close enough.*

Fareeha was shook out her thoughts when she heard that they were supposed to exchange vows. It felt like her heart was about to explode. *Wedding vows. I...I forgot that we were supposed to come up with wedding vows.* Angela detached from her arm, facing Fareeha, her blush darkening. Fareeha felt some relief with Angela going first.

"Fareeha, you are my best friend." Angela cast her eyes downward, her ears starting to change color. "I love you. I promise that will never change." Tears started to collect.

Fareeha felt Angela's words cutting through her. Without thinking she started speaking. "I love you too." Her heart thundered against her chest at the connotations of the words she spewed in the heat of the moment. *Either way it's true.* She reached out, holding both of Angela's hands in hers, watching as the blonde already started crying. "I promise that I'll always be there for you, whenever you need me."

A cute little boy walked out of the aisle, two rings sitting on a plush looking pillow. He held up the pillow, eyes sparkling with joy.

Fareeha was the first to pick up a ring, holding out Angela's left hand and sliding it on her ring finger. They stood a moment as Angela clutched onto her hand, tears streaming down her face. Fareeha watched Angela close her eyes and take a deep breath, nodding when she was ready to keep going.

Angela reached down and picked up the other ring, chuckling when the little boy scampered back into the aisle he came from. She reached out a shaky hand, slowly putting the ring on Fareeha while trying to die from how happy she was.

"And by the power invested..."

They didn't hear what the clerk was saying, too focused on each other to care. Fareeha brought a

hand up, wiping away the tears that spilled down Angela's face. Angela leaned into the touch, heart hammering away from their words exchanged, from how close they were.

"You may now kiss."

They looked at each other stunned.

Should we just...? Fareeha looked on at Angela, a question lingering in her eyes.

Angela ran her thumb over their held hands, a reassuring gesture. *Just a kiss on the cheek.*

"Just do it, it'll make a great picture," yelled Hana from the back.

And they stiffened up once again. Angela was looking down at the red carpet, steam coming from her ears at Hana's suggestion. But then she felt warm fingers under her chin, coaxing her into looking at those perfect brown eyes. A reassuring smile and she knew that everything was going to be okay.

I died, I must have died. The feel of Fareeha's soft lips on hers sent Angela reeling into another world. *My heart must have exploded and I'm experiencing some sort of afterlife.* But then Fareeha pulled away, wrapping a secure arm around her waist and pulling Angela closer to her warm side. She felt her jackrabbit heart slow down and reveled in the afterglow of the kiss.

The fake crowd behind them were cheering, the clerk in front smiling and saying "congratulations" again. They started walked down the aisle, hand in hand, the crowd behind them. The two attendants at the door led everyone down the hallway to where the reception was held.

Angela let out an audible gasp at the size of the cake, bubbling over with glee when she saw the cake toppers that represented Fareeha and herself. Her attention was ripped away from the cake when an announcer called them to the dance floor, the lights dimming, and spotlights signaling where they were supposed to stand.

Heart fluttering, Angela hastily threw her bouquet of flowers behind her, grinning at Hana's voice screaming, "It's mine," above the din of the crowd. Angela didn't care to look back at the chaos that ensued behind her, too entranced with the way Fareeha gently led them to the dance floor, eyes never leaving her own.

A slow song played. If they had cared enough to pay attention, Angela and Fareeha would have seen that they just wheeled in the robot Elvis from the lobby and hooked him up to the speaker system.

With her arms hooked around Fareeha's neck, Angela enjoyed the feeling of swaying around with her head laying on Fareeha's shoulder.

"Thank you so much for this Fareeha." Angela smiled into warm skin. "This was so much more than I thought it was going to be."

"You don't have to thank me. This was..." A moment where they both stilled. "Intense. It just felt so real."

"And is that a good thing or...?"

"To have the experience of getting married to you? That could never be a bad thing." Fareeha picked up Angela, twirling her to the change of the music. "Is that Elvis playing?"

Angela giggled when she looked over Fareeha's shoulder, finding a dancing Elvis hooked up to the speaker system. "Look."

"T-they just dragged him in here from the lobby!" Fareeha turned back around when she felt Angela's hands on her shoulders. "I swear he stopped working this morning."

Angela leaned up, placing a quick kiss to Fareeha's cheek, giggling at the taller woman's sudden shy expression. "I believe you."

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Dinner was, in Hana's words, to die for. The young intern grabbed everyone's attention by giving a long-winded speech, making up details on how the two met and proclaiming how she always knew they would end up together. Afterwards, Hana didn't speak a peep because she was too busy devouring everything on her plate.

Angela and Fareeha cut the cake together, making a show of feeding each other when they each had a piece. The two of them were in too deep with the wedding persona that they just went with the flow. Meanwhile, Hana kept going back for more cake, saying that she was glad she came because the food was so good.

When it neared seven, one of the staff politely walked over to the 'newlyweds' and said that their delegated time was nearly up. Robot Elvis was already wheeled back to the lobby, their fake wedding guests all gone. Sighing, Angela stood up from their table, hands clutching at her dress to make the walk back to the changing rooms easier.

With a small frown on her face, Angela was leaning against the counter in the lobby waiting for the rest of their order to finish.

Fareeha saw how sad she looked, putting a reassuring hand on her shoulder to try and cheer Angela up. "Hey, I had a good day today."

"Me too." A huff. "The problem is that it's over."

Well I can't fix that. "Maybe the pictures will cheer you up?"

"Oh I know they will." Angela slumped further onto the counter. "I just need to get my hands on them to start feeling better."

As if on cue, a cheerful looking attendant came walking through the door behind the counter. "Hello lovely newlyweds!"

They really get into character here. Fareeha gave the woman a small wave.

"So, with the deluxe package you get: the photo album, the t-shirts, the gift basket, coffee mugs and the top tier of the cake." The attendant could barely put down the items in her arms before Angela started making grabby hands at the photo album. "Here you go miss."

Angela tore the album from the woman's hands, quickly opening it up on the counter. She blindly reached out an arm, bringing Fareeha closer to her when she felt the material of the other woman's shirt. "The photos are so beautiful. Look at us." The album had about fifty photos, all of them seemingly perfect. Angela stopped at the photo that showed the two of them kissing. She started crying all over again. Seeking comfort, Angela buried her face in Fareeha's shirt, wrapping her arms tightly around her shoulders and letting the floodgates open.

Fareeha just rubbed Angela's back soothingly, trying her best to calm her down. Her eyes peeked

over to Hana going through the other souvenirs, smiling when the intern raised up the pink t-shirts that had a picture of them dancing on the front. Hana also showed off the coffee mugs that had Angela and Fareeha feeding cake to each other.

Angela peeled away from Fareeha after a couple of minutes of crying, diving straight back into the photo album. She was able to get through the rest of them without reverting back to a sobbing mess. Once she reached the end, Angela shrieked with glee. "Look, look, look." She pointed to the thumb drive embedded in the back of the album. "This has a digital copy of the pictures and the video recording." She started jumping on the balls of her feet. "This is everything I wanted."

"What about the shirts?" Fareeha reached over and pulled a shirt out in front of Angela, smiling when the blonde let out another shriek.

"They're so perfect." She grabbed the shirt, hugging it to her chest. Watery blue eyes locked onto the patiently waiting attendant. "I love everything."

"I'm glad you are satisfied with our services." The attendant slipped a piece of paper onto the counter. "If you would all sign this, you can all be on your way."

Angela took a look at the piece of paper, skimming to the highlighted bits. *No name change*. She grabbed a pen and scribbled in 'Amari'. *I can be an Amari for the day*. Satisfied, she signed the bottom of the paper.

Fareeha smiled when she saw the scribbled in Amari. Too endeared to read the rest of the paper, she just signed at the bottom, giving the paper to Hana.

Hana didn't even bother to read anything, just signed her name under the witness section and gave it back to the smiling attendant.

"Thank you all so much. Have a wonderful day."

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Once back at the hotel, Angela promised to send Fareeha a digital copy of the photos. She gave excitedly gave Fareeha a farewell kiss on the cheek and happily skipped away to her room, photo album clutched in her arms and a pink t-shirt slung over her shoulder.

Closing the door behind her, Angela took off her shoes and dived straight for her bed. She immediately went to look at the pictures again, a certain glee overcoming her every time she relived each moment. Angela didn't hear the door open, too busy staring at the kiss photo again.

"Did you just get married to my daughter? And without even telling me?"

Angela felt her soul leave her body, turning over on the bed to see Ana standing with her arms crossed, a frown over taking her features. The older woman had a clear view of the photo album. "A-ana I can explain!"

"Fareeha asked me to give you this." Ana held up the mug with their faces plastered on it in the air. "Now the picture on it makes much more sense." She had a perked eyebrow, waiting for Angela to begin her explanation.

"We didn't actually get married. It was just a pretend wedding." *An expensive pretend wedding. So worth it for those pictures though*. "It's something friends or lovers do for fun. I just wanted to try it out."

Ana still looked skeptical. "With Fareeha?" She smirked at the nervous look on Angela's face.

“I, well.” *Oh god, Hana was right. Just look at that smirk. She knows.*

“Can I see?” Ana pointed to the photo album. She watched as Angela shyly handed over the photos, the blonde suddenly finding the sheets very interesting. “My, my, this doesn’t look like a fake wedding.” Ana didn’t have to look up to know that Angela was thirty shades of red.

And Ana found herself smiling at the photos, too caught up in her daughter’s happy face to be mad that they didn’t invite her to the wedding, even if it was fake.

Chapter End Notes

Well that was fun. I'm trying my best to hold back my excitement over writing what happens next. It's gonna be wild.

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